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Immortals

**demons**

86 4 11

Chapter 1 by Mason Lee

Cause' we could be immortals, immortals, just not for long, for long.- Immortals, Fall Out Boy.

I cannot believe it.

I am flying.

I laugh as I swoop down and dive back up, looping and twisting.

And then I look at my back and see my black wings and remember my eyes and hair that are **literally** made of fire and nearly fall out of the sky.

I remember why and how I have all of this.

I remember that I sold my soul to the devil.

Chapter 2 by Karra



I can't remember why I did it, though there must've been a better reason, not just for these wings... Why? What was so worth it? Or who?...

Chapter 3 by Bren Lightwood



Maybe the reason why is so that I'm not so sure about that. Whatever the reason was doesn't matter now. I just want something almost everyone dreams about, a

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Chapter 4 by tiltedgypz



Am I really flying ? Is this just an illusion ? I remember talking to an old man, sitting alone at the bus stop, as I was going to make the deal on getting my wings, or really just a boy I had a terrible crush on, all I wanted was for him to like me. It seems strange now, the old man, why was he there, and how did he know where I was going, the words that he used, as if he knew exactly what I was thinking, but how could he ? I do remember he had a radiant calming glow about him, that caused me not to take my eyes off him, as I focused my attention to every word that he was saying, and his humped old back with the long overcoat he was wearing, like he was ready for a good storm, he seemed so kind, yet his words seemed to be filled with compassion, as he spoke of feeling real joy, expressing a natural tender mercy that gave me an overwhelming sensation of being completely safe and a sense of contentment that seemed to be totally satisfying some deep need within me to feel loved, needed, and appreciated, for simply being me, as I did the moment our eyes met, words that seemed to grasp my heart, before forming into thought in my mind, his knowledge and wisdom, filled them with a sense of power and authority, like he knew everything I ever wanted to know. I heard them with my heart first, now that I think about it, that coat in the hot sunshine, it was as if he to, had something he was trying to hide underneath it, but what ? The coat, I thought to myself, his hunched back yet he stood straight and tall, like his youth had never left him, and I was on my way to get one like it, only mine was to be dark, and deceptively intimidating, black as coal, and like iron, but mine will be to hide my new wings, and, oh no, his words, they were warning me of a coming storm, like no other, yes he spoke of impending disaster, and I understood exactly what he was speaking of, with my heart, yet even now they are given such vivid clarity in my mind, oh no, oh goodness, why didn't I think about it then, could it be, was he warning me, was he, an Angel of heaven ?

Chapter 5 by Windlion



Seems like they all rant about disaster. So depressing, and no one can get everybody to agree on what needs to be done and do it! Also, I notice that they always want me to give up what I like, while they don't change.

I think they're lying. Everybody knows it. Truth? What does that mean, really?

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I just go flying!

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But is that truth, or just another illusion?

The dude that gave me these pills, he said it was true. If it's not, I'm not sure I want to know.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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